

Home Circle.

WALKING ON THE SUNNY SIDE.

We were walking along that chilly autumn morning on the shady side of the street, when my friend said: "How foolish we are to stay on this side when we can so easily cross over and be in the sun." Our wraps, which were too light for the shady side, were just heavy enough for the warmer one, and the genial sun and its brightness shining on us made us feel like different persons. Our blood, that had been chilled, was warmed and gave us a comfortable feeling and a brighter outlook on the work we were hastening to do. All the world seemed akin to us.

Thinking of that delightful change so soon and so easily made, it seemed strange that any of us will ever walk on the shady side when we can cross over and get into the sun. We allow ourselves to fill some of our days with chilly gloom, and nurse the ills incident upon such an atmosphere, when by a little trouble and thought we might get ourselves into the sunshine.

Every home should face the Father's house; it should be built and managed so that the glorious shining of the light of His kingdom could lighten every heart in it. But, poor, short-sighted mortals that we are, we build it too often without thinking of the Great Architect's plan to always have the living rooms so arranged that the brightest outlook can be obtained. We all largely depend on atmospheric influences for our health and happiness. A dark, cool, rainy day makes us feel, as the little girl said, "sort of shivery and drizzling all over," and atmospheric disturbances in the home make us even worse conditioned. Sometimes an unpleasantness comes into the family circle; we nurse the grievance, sit in the shade, and brood over it; we are chilled to the very core of our hearts, and unfitted for the proper discharge of our duties in consequence. Probably a few hours after we wonder how we could have been so upset over so trivial a matter, for when these grievances are taken to pieces and analyzed we find that they really had nothing in them to cause such a disturbance.

At such a time do not let us allow ourselves to sit in the shade and lose one precious hour of the new day God has given; let us rather ask Him for His grace and help, then put our hands in His and walk into the sunshine. What if concessions must be made; let us make them. Life is too short to nurse grievances; let us make the dear ones happy while we may.

But sometimes the gloom settles over our hearts because of a real sorrow. A loved one is called from our home circle who will never come back to us in this life; there is a vacant chair at the table, we miss the loved face that smiled on us at morning, and the cheery voice that spoke sweet words to us. That is a real trouble, we say; how can the sorrowing heart then get into the sunshine, and the work of life be taken up again with strength of purpose? We sit in the gloom and shadow of our grief, and seemingly forget that the dear one has crossed over into the sunshine of the life eternal.

"Why do you cry, little boy?" asked the old German pastor, as the child stood by the side of the good old grandfather's silent form. "Grandfather has only gone home to his Father's home; he is glad to be there in the sunshine and rest and peace of the fatherland. Go to your work, my boy, and be glad for grandfather that he is home at last."

So let us pray each day to be led over to the sunny side of life; and walking there ourselves, our little ones will cling to our gowns, or hold our hands and learn how to walk there with us. Point out to them the flowers that are growing along life's wayside, and so make them see beauties they otherwise might have missed. Bid them listen to the sweet music of the birds, and if there be a bit of hard road, show them how to pass over with careful feet and not with grumbling spirit, because there is always much of beautiful greenery in the line of our travel to make up for the bits of dreary wastes. Dear friends, young and old, make the journey on the sunny side of the road.—*Susan Teall Perry, in The Evangelist.*

QUITE WARM.

"Yes, too hot to go to church," was the decided exclamation of Mrs. Doolittle the other Sabbath. O, but she went up town on Monday to attend a fire sale of goods, and, indeed, the crowd was so great and the weather so hot that several ladies well-nigh died before they could get relief, but Mrs. Doolittle crowded in and stood for two hours, waiting to get a chance to buy two smoked up, soiled handkerchiefs at five cents apiece, which formerly were sold for fifteen cents, and indeed, she came home and made three calls among her neighbors to tell them how cheap things were at the fire sale.—*Christiau World.*

THE members who pray for and pay the preacher are the ones who get most good out of the sermon, and see the least in it to criticise.

LOVE FOR BOOKS AND READING.

The love for books, the habit of reading, is the best refuge in advancing years from ennui of life. The habit of playing games, of theater going, of interesting one's self in social life, of gossip, even of travel, have all been recommended or noted as resources against ennui in middle life and old age. But all of them put together, and we will throw in politics and various reform agitations with them, do not compare for the satisfaction of the mind, for the occupation of the hours of loneliness or leisure, with the one habit of reading the best books, for interest in and acquaintance with literature, that is with the most interesting and stimulating thought of all the ages. The habit of reading is that, but it is something more. Judicious, well-directed reading, which is study, teaches what life is, what the world is, and better fits a man for every duty and occupation he enters in; it broadens his views and makes him more competent. He will be a better workman, in field or factory, if his intelligence is broadened, improved, and sharpened by acquaintance with books; he will be a more intelligent director of any business or any great enterprise, either of charity, commerce, or manufacture, if he is a well-informed man in the literature of the world. He will be worth more—worth more measured by day wages or by salary. The habit of reading and comparing, a knowledge of what has been done and said before, of the experiments that have been tried in the past, make a man a better observer and judge of what is going on about him. By this knowledge he is better fitted to perform his duties as a citizen. Many of our most costly and foolish experiments in town and city government, in education and in legislation for the beauty and healthfulness of our cities, are due to the fact that the men in temporary authority are ill educated, unread, ignorant, and act on insufficient information as to what has been tried before, and what by either logic or science is known to be futile and vicious. I am not by this saying that mere "bookworms" are the best men for practical affairs. These are often only cocoons of knowledge, which are good for nothing until they are hatched and spun out in the action of practical affairs. I am only saying that reading is, in the first place, the greatest private satisfaction to a man, and in the second place, that every so-called practical or business man is much better equipped for his work if he is a man well informed and has his mind enlarged by literature.—*Good Housekeeping.*

THE word of God will abide forever.